The Ideal Health Marriage—Page 652.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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THE AERO GIRL.—An Anticipation.

MORE EXCITING THAN THE SIDE-CAR.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

"HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MRS. JOHNSON."

Ludicrous Journalistic Sequel to Princess Victoria's "Sequestration" at Margate.

Our contemporaries—the enterprising ones, that is—continue to pay us the compliment of "lifting" our exclusive information on present-day Royalty with impunity. We do not mind this, of course. They are welcome to it *all*—after we have told our own public all there is to know! But jealousy sometimes accompanies our contemporaries' keen watchfulness of our columns, with, occasionally, ludicrous results. And the most ludicrous result of all has just been the "joke of the week" in Fleet Street! Our readers will remember that a month ago we were able to afford the exclusive and somewhat startling information that Princess Victoria had "voluntarily disappeared." In other words, Her Royal Highness had returned to England after some weeks with the Danish royalties in Denmark; had dined at Marlborough House; changed her clothes; driven off to one of the great railway termini; and entered upon three weeks of glorious "rustication" in the shires as "Miss Johnson!" The story ended with the prediction that "the moment when the Princess intends to return to the 'glare' will be about the hour when these lines are being printed!"

* * *

Giving us the "Lie Direct."

And so it happened. Except that the Princess decided to wind up her revel as "Miss Johnson" by prolonging it for two days after our account of her holiday appeared. Her Royal Highness turned up in London only just in time to dine with the Royal Family before they all went on to the Coliseum on the night of Saturday, October 11th, after being nearly a month non-existent as a Royal princess. Our story was one of indubitable fact, nor did we conceive that anyone would have the temerity to deny it. Our amazement can therefore be imagined when, upon opening Mr. Mandeville's paper for November 1st we read as follows:—

A CANARD EXPLODED.

Last week London was "billed" with a sensational poster asking what had become of the King's sister, and announcing a "romantic disappearance." Princess Victoria's appearance at the Royal wedding, outwardly in perfect health of body, heart and mind, must have come as a cold douche to our contemporary. Her Royal Highness is about the last Royal person in England to succumb to Cupid's ravages. She has had her "chances" galore, but prefers a careless life with her august mother."

* * *

"Fools Rush in ——!"

This, of course, was as good as giving us the "lie direct!" Knowing our information to be based upon a communication from the Earl of St. ———, a close friend of the Royal Family, we could scarcely believe our eyes at this flat denial of our statements concerning Princess Victoria's holiday incognito at Margate. Reckless as are most of the statements in the paper concerned, we did not think even Mr. Mandeville would possess the "bull-at-a-haystack" effrontery to deny the authenticity of a Royal incident so categorically narrated in these columns. However, having read and re-read the offending paragraph, we heaved a sigh at the proved stupidity of human nature, and turned over a page of Mr. Mandeville's paper.

* * *

Now Comes the Joke!

Will it be believed that the first paragraph on this very next page was a detailed account of Princess Victoria's jaunt into the country as "Miss Johnson"? Rubbing our eyes and pinching ourselves with incredulity, we slowly took in the headline—

"H.R.H. MRS. JOHNSON."

Quickly swallowing a b. and s., and pulling ourselves briskly together, we grabbed hold of the funniest of the comic papers and read the wonderful story which had actually been denied as an "exploded canard" on the previous page! In other words *our own story* was actually re-told by Mr. Mandeville as an accepted fact, but with his own delightful embroidery. Princess Victoria, we read, has "created considerable vexation of spirit down Margate way" by affording the late trippers an opportunity of learning that they were hob-nobbing with Royalty at close quarters. A lady in black, wearing a rather large hat, and carrying a camera, has been staying at one of the most select hotels, and the register records her as 'Mrs. Johnson, of London.' No one suspected anything, and she was able to mix with the crowd, and take snap-shots of the bathing to her heart's content. But it would hardly have been so if the crowd had known that the plainly-dressed lady was Princess Victoria, the King's sister. She only returned to town in time to meet Queen Alexandra and the Queen of Norway. But she says she rarely had such an amusng time anywhere."

* * *

A startling story of Royalty for next week "Modern Life."

So Mr. Mandeville, having flatly denied our story, has discovered that it was *absolutely correct* — though, of course, *we* did not suggest that Princess Victoria was indecent as to stay anywhere as a married woman. Her Royal Highness's incognito at Margate was, of course, "Mrs. Johnson," and she was accompanied throughout her "recreation" by the Hon. Miss Vivian, one of the Queen-Mother's maids-of-honour. The "cold douche" has by this found its way into Fleet Street, and may its cooling effects be lasting. And, incidentally, we may add, that in these columns next week we shall tell one of the strangest stories of Royalty which is now in process of evolution in the private sanctum of the King at Sandringham, and which accounts for a Royal lady not at this moment being in Britain. Two chapters of the story have been enacted, the third is now evolving. It will prove a "startler"—but Mr. Mandeville will chew the blue pencil a long while before he denies it!

* * *

"Thank God I was never at the Gaiety!"

For the time being the Gaiety Theatre is entirely without a "stage and peerage romance." Mr. George Edwardes is ill, and that may have something to do with it. But there are other reasons. The O.P. Club has a little to do with it, too. I was talking to Lady H——s the other day. The papers were full of photographs of the Gaiety girls, dined by the O.P. Club. "Thank God I was never at the Gaiety!" exclaimed Lady H———s. "Why so," I said, in amazement, for Lady H———s not so long ago was one of the leading lights at the Shaftesbury. She is in no way ashamed of having been "on the stage"—rather revels in memories, in fact. But Lord H———s, who is a godson of King Edward, and a grandson of King Edward's old friend Suffield, has always been very "touchy" on the point. Lady H———s replied, "Well, I should never have been allowed to forget it! Look at these!" Lady H———s offered me a daily picture paper. One whole sheet was occupied by photographs of former Gaiety girls who had married or prospective peers, and who had been invited to the dinner given by the Old Playgoers. Not one of these had accepted the O.P.'s invitation!

* * *

"Invitations" which are not Welcomed.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that [illegible] peers are now fighting shy of Gaiety girls. The penalty for marrying "out of one's caste" is great enough, in all [illegible]

THE LINK BETWEEN A WOMAN AND HER MIRROR.

e O.P. adding to the trouble by keeping the love-
nds of Gaiety girls constantly reminded of old
memories of which are by no means romantic to
when the halcyon days of honeymooning are over.
none of the peeresses invited by Mr. Alfred
the O.P. dinner turned up; nor are they in the
ful for the "honour" of the said invitations. We
e O.P. secretary had not more tact than to send

e no sympathy with a club which essays to cover
a spurious glory at the expense of the feelings of
have long since ceased to figure amongst the lights
and who are the mothers of a generation of aristo-
re intensely sensitive about their reputations in
in which they are compelled to pass the rest of
One of the peeresses invited by Mr. Robbins had
from the stage for over twenty years, and has
n seen on it since. Yet her name is dragged
the daily papers for the glorification of the O.P.
without her consent or authorisation. Of
does not look for pinnacles of "right feeling"
but they might learn the simple rudiments of
ladies who have no longer any desire to be asso-
the stage.

* * *

cy of the Abercorns at Court.

before had occasion to remark upon the adroit
with the little gang of Hamiltons and Cavendishes
their position as the lay body-guard of Their
Another instance has just been afforded of this
pointment of young Assheton Howe as a Page-of-
the boy—his age is 15—is one of the Abercorn gang
footsteps of the Throne, for he is own cousin
who has been Queen Alexandra's Lord Cham-
many years. The first Earl Howe was in a like
the last Dowager Queen this country had—Queen
widow of William IV. One of this first Earl
ghters is the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, whose late husband was chief of all the family which surrounds the Throne. His youngest son, Lord John Hamilton, is the King's newest equerry. The Duke's sister, Lady Blandford, is the mother of the Duke of Marlborough, and his aunt, Lady Georgina Spencer-Churchill, married the present Earl Howe just thirty years ago, and died very suddenly in 1907. She was the only private individual to whom the Royal yacht was ever lent for a health cruise after an illness. Lord Howe's son and heir is that young Viscount Curzon who married the "Queen" of the Earl's Court tournament (his own cousin, by the way), the prettiest girl in the Peerage, and a great friend of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

* * *

The Abercorn-Lansdowne-Devonshire-Buccleuch Clique.

This wonderful ascendency of the Abercorn clan in the secret confidence of the Sovereigns is eyed with no particular affection by the rest of the aristocracy. It means the permanent exclusion of at least six hundred noble lords and a thousand baronets, and their wives and children. Many of these families have in days gone by occupied highly-confidential positions in the Court, as well as rendering distinguished services to the state. To-day they are unknown in the palaces of the Monarch, and their former inclusion amongst the confidants of the Sovereigns is forgotten. The Abercorn-Lansdowne-Devonshire-Buccleuch combination has not only elbowed every other family combination out of the Court, but it has triumphed over such powerful clans as the Westminsters, who are related to the First Family through the marriage of the Duke's young aunt to the Queen's eldest brother, the Duke of Teck. The last of the Westminsters to keep her job at Court was the Countess of Shaftesbury, who had for many years been in all the secrets of Queen Mary as Princess of Wales, and who was Her Majesty's Lady of the Bedchamber until six months ago. Lady Shaftesbury is the Duke of Westminster's sister, and she has a pretty voice, while her husband's sister, Lady Maud Warrender, is the greatest Society warbler of to-day.

How Queen Alexandra broke the Abercorn Reign in Her Household.

However, the Abercorn combination has not succeeded in maintaining its hold in the household of the Queen-Mother. The late Duchess of Buccleuch has now been dead two years, and during that time Queen Alexandra has allowed the Mistress-ship of the Robes, which she vacated, to remain dormant. The Duchess was, of course, sister to the late Duke of Abercorn. The new Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra is the Duchess of Portland, a very old friend of Queen Alexandra's own, and who owes nothing to the Abercorns. The Duchess was formerly very pretty. She was a Miss Dallas Yorke, daughter of a Yorkshire squire, and her marriage to the Duke of Portland was quite a romance.

* * *

Is it the Beginning of the End?

The Duchess of Portland is like to be in much closer attendance upon Queen Alexandra than was her Grace of Buccleuch, for that position, after the death of King Edward, was allowed to be an entirely honorary one, the Duchess of Buccleuch having never once been called upon by Queen Alexandra to perform any duties during Her Majesty's widowhood. It was rumoured that Queen Alexandra had long felt the oppressiveness of the complete domination of the Abercorn family in the Royal household. Even Royalty are slaves sometimes, and to-day our present King and Queen are as completely under the thumbs of the Abercorns as ever. Perhaps Queen Alexandra's example means the termination of this domination of one family in the domestic secrets of the First Family! Who knows! Even a worm will turn!

Paderewski's libel action goes to show that whilst he can play he does not intend being played with.

* * *

Lieutenant Torkof, of Bulgaria, wants to fight Pierre Loti, who is 64 years old, and can't chew lead and steel like he used to do. He doesn't take either before breakfast, at all events. But if the bellicose Bulgarian will continue to Torkof fighting there are a few French swordsmen ready to accommodate him.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Mr. Shaw's Bid for Prosecution.

In spite of Mr. Bernard Shaw's habit of perpetua I have a sneaking admiration for the attitude he to the Albert Hall protest meeting last Saturday. T be no doubt whatever that the Conservative party encouragement of Carsonic, Smithly and London sedition, and the Government by its contemptuous award these treason-spouters the martyr's crown, up for themselves a tremendous amount of trouble i too-distant future. Everybody knows that Larkin is deserving of imprisonment than any of the Ulster and if only the working class leader, who is striving his downtrodden fellows, is to be punished for language the vaunted impartiality of British law fa ground. It is then established that anybody who ently influential can exude treason from every pore suffering the consequences by law established. W lot about the wickedness of Mr. Lloyd George in st class prejudice, but could anything be more prod bitter feeling between class and class than these demonstrations that the rich and the influential can common law with impunity. Mr. Shaw, with his ac astuteness in grabbing the limelight, has pointed th has achieved the palpable *reductio ad absurdum*. remains to be seen what action—if any—the Governm take. At any rate there cannot be a possible probabl of doubt that his words last Saturday were grossly Therefore the only point to be settled is whether Mr answerable for his language, or whether he is to be as a mere licensed jester. Perhaps something happened before these lines are in print. Perhaps

* * *

The Ideal Health Marriage.

Just as eugenic babies cropped up by the score discovery and exploitation of the mysterious Bolce now the "ideal health" couples are rushing reveal themselves in all their smug self-righteous

He: "I never lose my head over a woman."
She; "No? . . . By the way, what happened to your hair?"

...ry clerk, who managed to get the ...own correspondent," on the other ...lantic and received the customary ...table, set the fashion. Now they're ...and candidly it is a rather nauseous ...do not, of course, suggest that ...re palpably unfit should get mar... ...hat is to become of Love's young ...y young couple have to supply one ... documents certifying that they are ...d and limb, free from blemish, and ... of thing? Cupid may as well go ...ss at once. All this cold-blooded ...sense may make excellent "copy" ...papers, but it very soon palls, and ... of young married people coming ...proclaim their pre-marital cautious... ...whole world leaves a nasty taste in ... You cannot conduct the marriage ... of human beings on the prin... ...d farm. At least, I am convinced ...ent generation will be dead and ... before such a practice becomes ... And it would be a cold drab world ...ccept it with equanimity.

* * *

...tiçated Pheasant.

... am strongly in favour of the action ... customs officials in seizing the ... other feathers of wild birds, and ...e a law which would make their ...o this country impossible, I can... ...rom congratulating Lady Cheyles... ...er success in making the Customs ...idiculous. This for the sole reason ... to prevent importation of these ... been carried out in such a high... ...st brutal, fashion. Lady Cheyles... ...ded in persuading the officials that ... pheasant, whose feather she was ...not a game bird but a domestic ... pheasants so much in the air just ...o Mr. Lloyd George's attack upon ...ws, this has afforded much amuse... ...newspapers, and jokes innumerable ...acked. But was not Lady Cheyles... ...ely correct? The upholders of the ...ould, of course, say "No," but it is ... very many of the pheasants shot by sportsmen ...parts of the country *are*, to all intents and pur... ...ticated—or at any rate domesticated up to a ... when they are turned loose to fend for them... ...s, on reflection, I am not quite clear whether ...more has made the American Customs officials ... or whether the officials have not performed ...ing operation for our British sportsmen who ...e on a large scale.

* * *

...er.

... protest against the use of the word "nut" to ...ung masher of this generation" appears in the ..., from the pen of a "General Officer" at the ...Military Club. His objection to the term arises ...ged fact that the word has long been in use in ... denote a person of very different calibre— ... in fact. But where has the gallant officer been ...all these months? The protest is almost as ...quite as futile, as that of the Mayor of Lime... ...jected to his district being vilified by the appli... ...name to political bad language—or at any rate ...age emanating from the Liberal side, for, of ...onservatives never are anything but polite and ... Anyhow the indignant General is so palpably ... school that his protest loses point. He is one ... people—we all know them—who always talk ... the good old times and think that the present ...s gone to the dogs. Probably the nuts will ...rn.

* * *

...us at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

... have not had the pivilege of seeing the new ... "Are You There?" and profess no inner ...the exact causes of the obstreperous behaviour ...ce on the opening night, I am inclined to ...the hostile attitude is entirely due to the ridicu... ...ary booming which the show received. Because ...usic-hall stage is overrun with slack-trousered

Watching the Lord Mayor's Show.

American comedians and pert American soubrettes it does not at all follow that the public is inclined to accept American methods *in toto*. It is something new to have column upon column of "boosting" of a stage manager—or producer if you like—and doubtless playgoers are entirely sick of reading about Mr. Ned Wayburn's Napoleonic methods and Edisonian ingenuity. We in this country prefer to take our stage-managing for granted and to judge by results. No human being could possibly live up to the laurel-capped immaculateness we have been led to expect from this hitherto almost unknown American gentleman (incidentally, I may add, no British stage-manager would hold his position for a month if he displayed such an insatiable thirst for the limelight), and thus he has only himself to blame if the revulsion of feeling caused his effort to be a marked failure. Moreover, Mr. Wayburn's pained surprise at the reception of the show, and his declaration that nothing he has done hitherto has failed, are more funny than convincing. If he is to "make good" in London he must learn once and for all that the theatre-going public cares nothing for reputations gained on the other side of the Atlantic, nor can it be hoodwinked into accepting mediocre stuff as "the goods," by all the booming and boosting in the world. Such American methods are more likely to tell against a piece than in its favour.

* * *

Sylvia's Army.

The fashion set by Sir Edward Carson is being followed by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, and the militants are to have an army of their own organised by Sir Francis Vane, an ex-officer of the British Army. The announcement this week, however, is only regularising (if an "army" raised for use against the forces of law and order can be said to be regular) a feature of the Suffragette campaign which has been noticeable at recent meetings, when an organised body of East End roughs has acted as a bodyguard to the militant leaders. Of course, these people adore a row, and would smash the heads of a few score policemen for the mere love of the thing, so it is not surprising that they are ready to enrol themselves, for pay, under the banner of a rich organisation

like the W.S.P.U. At the same time I imagine Miss Pankhurst is mistaken in thinking her army will receive the same treatment as the army of Sir Edward Carson. It is a far more dangerous business, as it is likely to come into immediate conflict with the law, whereas the Ulster army is a hypothetical, conditional, nebulous sort of body, which may or may not, in certain contingencies and eventualities, actually take the field. Anyhow, so far as influencing public opinion, or furthering the ostensible ends of the Suffragettes are concerned, this army of pot-house bullies and corner-boys is not worth a row of pins. But we shall doubtless see some fun before Christmas is over. If I were inclined to carp, I might ask what becomes of the vaunted equality—or superiority—of the Suffragettes if they have to hire mere male men to protect them?

* * *

What the Motorist Wants.

The speeches at a motor manufacturers' dinner can scarcely, perhaps, be considered as genuine contributions to an elucidation of the serious problem of the relations between automobilists and public, but they are interesting as showing the attitude of those who own cars. If we are to accept Mr. S. F. Edge as the authorised mouthpiece of motor-car owners, what these gentlemen really want is the whole earth—or, at any rate, a very big slice of it. It is too often forgotten that motorists are, proportionately, a very insignificant section of the community. It is perhaps not worth while to estimate how many motor-cars are actually in use at the present moment in England, especially as statistics would be quite unreliable, seeing that people own cars who have no licences, and many licence-holders do not own a car, or even drive one, except occasionally. But suppose we place the number of car-owners at 50,000 (a mere guess), that is a singularly small proportion of the whole population—something less than one-eighth per cent. Yet this small percentage presume to lay down the law of the road for the rest of us poor wretches who cannot afford to run a car. Mr. Edge claims on their behalf "better roads and straighter roads" (that is to say, millions of money must be spent in road construction and maintenance, so as to enable motorists to drive faster and with less care); "new road laws which would clearly define the rights of the man using the main roads over the man coming out of a side road" (a matter which perhaps concerns all wheeled traffic, though its effect would be more recklessness than ever with motorists on main roads, as of course they would speed along without giving a thought to intersecting traffic); "greater control over careless and reckless drivers of horse vehicles" (How dare a mere horse vehicle be on the roads?); "the removal of unnecessary restrictions over motors, and the imposition of restrictions upon horse vehicles." Taken altogether it is a series of claims of colossal impudence. About the only privilege that will remain to the general public, if motorists have their way, is the privilege of paying for the luxuries and comfort of the well-to-do motorists. I don't notice any suggestion that the motorists should pay for the new roads that are to be provided. Indeed, at the present moment one of the talking-points of Conservative canvassers in West Lothian is the hated petrol tax. As many voters in the district are shale-miners, it is hoped that the wicked idea of making the rich motorist contribute towards the roads he monopolises and destroys will appeal to the sympathies of the workmen, and cause them to vote against the Government which had the impertinence to bring this about. I doubt it!

* * *

The Tango and Matrimony.

Is there any connection between the sudden popularity of the Tango, and the decline in the marriage rate? We are repeatedly told that the Tango is bringing back the young man to the ball-room, and presumably the close proximity which the dance permits leads to warm friendship which may ripen into matrimony. Certainly the young man who tangoes (we shall really have to adopt the verb, as the French have done long ago) in Society adorns herself in bewitching attire which should have its effect upon the hearts of susceptible swains, especially when the dance (plus dress) also permits the display of well-rounded limbs. Calculated to put the finishing touches to the conquest. It seems quite sensible that the husband-hunting girl and her match-making mamma should welcome with open arms a dance which will bring the victims within reach of the coils. Something *had* to be done, and the Tango has arrived in the nick of time. Of course, Tango teas and lunches and suppers are only a rage which will pass, so it is to be hoped the match-makers will make the best of their opportunity. Nothing—dance, game, or other amusement—can possibly keep up the pace which is being set by the West End hotels, theatres, restaurants and clubs, and there is not the slightest doubt that the Tango craze will soon die out as has been the case in Paris.

* * *

What a delightful old world this would be if we could only buy experience on credit.

* * *

The Dominion House Scheme.

Quite an interesting little controversy is taking place in the *Westminster Gazette* concerning Earl Grey's scheme for the erection in Ottawa of huge headquarters to house all the various Canadian Governments under one roof. Of course, I am aware that it is worse than useless to utter any criticism upon Colonial Governments and administrations, but is it not time that we gave over speaking about the Colonies in that vague brotherly-love, hands-across-the-sea style which is all too common. As to the particular scheme I advance no opinion except that it is a matter for the Canadians to settle themselves. If the different provinces cannot get the habit of wrangling like Kilkenny cats they can stifle the insane jealousy which unhappily characterises neighbouring British Colonies the scheme will justify itself. But I doubt if they can—or will. Imperial sentiment is most of the half the time the sentiment of the pocket unfortunately for Canadian unity action fosters the interests of the West is as not dead up against the interests of the of the country. The same remark applies South Africa, and even more strongly tralia, and it is no unusual thing for colonies to be more jealous and suspicious one another than is Ulster of the rest land. Yet, somehow, in spite of bitter inations these congeries of colonies hang together when occasion arises, play a spirit of nationality which is pected as it is laudable. This, I fancy also be the case in Ireland when the the virulent Ulster campaign has passed as pass away it will at no distant date.

Customer: "Shave, please!"

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

ild sensation was caused on Friday night at a dance by the smart little Brighton dance club known as the ay Club,"—which holds assemblies at the Old Ship bly Rooms—by the appearance of one of the lady s, Miss Violet Schmitz, of the Hove Manor House (we the name, as the lady has evidently no objection to ising herself). She wore a dress which, though doubt- *le dernier cri*, was far more suitable for the Moulin e or the Bal Bullier than comparatively sedate on. Of the thinnest de Chine, a delicate pink our, its absolute transpar- left little to the imagina- of the onlooker. More- the bold openings from e downward on each side ted an almost uninter- view of a pair of silk gs and the lace frills of sort of nether garment. s a bit of a scream, as ankees say, and many of more modestly minded literally held their The male portion of mpany decided that such ume demanded a well- ped leg, and that the cle provided, in this res- was not what it should been. If ladies will themselves to the pub- e they should first get opinion as to whether limbs and general devel- warrant the display, ise the effort hopelessly in point. This same lady has been the hero- a motor-bicycle inci- having been summoned ding without a licence— on a man's bike, too! ly the girls in Hove usy.

* *

W. D. Gainsford is ob- unsuited to his present on as chairman of the Magistrates. This beak evidently went on mpage the othar day. Mr. Gainsford is on the ge one of his illusions s to be that no cyclist dare to occupy any por- of that thoroughfare is being beautified by dicial steps. Horace Ely unately did not know of and the intrepid man ly dared to pass Gains- on his cycle, ringing his he did so. The J.P., however, was evidently feeling bored, and, wanting to work off the latest judicial he called upon the cyclist to stop, but as Englishmen speak to any stranger they may meet on the road the did not obey the command, whereupon the magis- pushed his stick between the wheels of the machine brought him down headlong! Mr. W. D. Gainsford arly keeps mangel-wurzels (congenial company he finds no doubt) so he amused his colleagues on the bench scribing how he brought a cyclist down "like a shot nt." There was a sad sequel when the great chair- was mulcted in the altogether inadequate sum of 5s. 6d. costs (like the drunks) by his own bench. The this lawless person is struck off the magistrates' he better. What says Lord Haldane?

* * *

the guests at the King's dinner to the workmen who d out the refronting of Buckingham Palace as orderly y might have been? Were not some of the speeches almost inaudible, and did not almost every diner consider it his duty to call his neighbour loudly to "order"? Anyhow, the men enjoyed themselves, so perhaps a little over-exuberance may be excused.

* * *

Clewer St. Stephen, near Windsor, has a Rip Van Winkle vicar, who may be recommended to pull himself together and remember he is living in the twentieth century. Writing in his parish magazine for November he makes a shocked protest about modern feminine ways. "In some places (Brighton, for instance), it is becoming common to see women in public with no covering on their heads." How unspeakably awful! No wonder the worthy vicar is moved to exclaim that this is "horrid, bold, unseemly. And yet, many of those who transgress do it innocently. None the less it is a transgression of propriety."

* * *

The Rev. G. D. Nicholas admittedly bases his opinions upon St. Paul, but may we remind him that St. Paul has been dead quite a long time?

* * *

So Miss Maud Allan is going to India after all, and from her letter to the Press it is evident that she has totally failed to understand why it is advisable, as a matter of public policy, that an Englishwoman should not display herself to the ribald gaze of His Majesty's dusky subjects. Her argument seems to be that what applies to an ordinary dancer does not apply to Maud Allan. A dance which in others might tend to damage British prestige in India would in her case be an enlightening influence. Really the lady *does* place herself at a high—and entirely unwarranted—estimate! There have been dozens of dancers of equal or greater merit, and with aims equally high, who have never succeeded in achieving notoriety outside an extremely narrow circle, or have never been heard about. But Miss Allen was magnificently boomed, and has had a swelled head ever since. She will probably find that it is a thankless task striving against the Indian Government in India. They have a short, sharp way of treating recalcitrant persons out there, and it is quite clear that the lady can expect no sympathy from this side, seeing that she chooses to ignore a plain warning, and sets up her opinion of what is right and proper as more valuable than that of people on the spot who *know*.

He: "Excuse me, haven't I seen your face before?
She: "Very probably. That's where I usually wear it."

* * *

Sergeant B. J. Vallance, of the Royal Horse Artillery, sent £3 to Aldershot by telegraph from Shoeburyness, but in the course of transmission the amount was increased to £35, and paid to the wife. Presuming the telegram took an hour to transmit, this works out at £16 in thirty minutes. We really must ask our Financial Editor to keep his eye on "P.O. Telegraphs" as a good thing.

* * *

Is it true that Miss Marie Corelli is to become a writer of picture plays, and that her famous novel, "The Sorrows of Satan," will be adapted for film purposes under the suggestive title of "The Wages of Cin-ima?"

BLUE BLOOD.

Professor Jubbleby moved about in his laboratory, softly and thoughtfully. Now he placed a hand to his dome-like head; anon he rubbed his hands together in apparent satisfaction. The keen eyes beneath his shaggy eyebrows were fixed intently on a small open porcelain vessel.

"I already observe the signs of conversion," he muttered. "The serum is cleanly separated, and I can leave it to work. In a quarter of an hour I will return."

He left the laboratory, closing the door behind him, and proceeded along the garden to his study.

Just as he entered the house by the back steps, one of his two servants in the kitchen was bewailing the undesired possession of violent neuralgic pains in the head.

"Ah, my dear Jemima, a little phenacetin would soon take that away," said the other.

"Lawks, so it would!" exclaimed the sufferer, "and I know where master has some in his labbertry. He's gone into his room, so I can get it."

She rushed down the garden.

* * *

That evening Professor Jubbleby entered the Baconbridge Club, every feature of his face telling of triumph achieved. He was known to hold Radical views of a very pronounced character, and those who were adherents of the Unionist party had grave fears that some fearful fate had befallen the Opposition—that Mr. Asquith perhaps had led a band of boy scouts into the House of Lords and abolished it, or that Mr. Lloyd George had gone on the 'alls, or that Ned Carson had opened another "Irish House" in the Strand.

The Professor plumped down into a chair.

"I've got it!" he cried, as he mopped his head with a richly coloured bandana.

"Got what?" came from many voices in dissonant chorus.

The Professor, as befitted a man devoted to science, was of temperate habits, and therefore the hypothesis that he had acquired a sample of delirium tremens was dismissed. Johnson, the honorary secretary, indulged in the hope that he had got his annual subscription with him, payment of which was considerably overdue.

"Gentlemen, I have made the most wonderful discovery of this or any other age." A flourish of the bandana lent a transient brilliance to the scene. "What do you think of a preparation which shall convert the commoner, the plebeian, into a member of the *haut ton*?"

"Impossible!" cried the crowd, in striking but still unmusical unison.

"And yet I have accomplished it. My discovery disposes of the dictum that aristocrats, like poets, are born, not made. I am going to make them—so easily that dukes at three a penny may become an acknowledged fact instead of remaining a Gilbertian fiction."

Once more the club took up the chorus cue.

"How?"

"The blood of the nobility is blue, is it not? Well, my preparation will give to those who take it—whether by hypodermic needle or as a potion I have not yet quite determined—blood of any shade of blue. We want new blood in the Lords. But it must be true blue. For monarchs *in posse* there will be a rich royal blue. I shall be a millionaire in no time, thus proving that there is a material reward to be gained by the scientific searcher."

All present expressed their pleasure at the Professor's prospect of wealth—nearly every one had felt the pressure of his chronic impecuniosity—and all thought of the immediate future when mankind would have a choice brand of blue blood always on tap. Jubbleby proceeded.

"The scheme of creating new peers has been shelved, but with Home Rule as the battle cry of the party of progress it is sure to recur, and my discovery will make it easy of accomplishment. No opposition to that scheme would have been manifested by any of the existing peers had those who were to join them been endowed with blood as blue as their own."

"May I inquire whether the cerulean fluid which your compound creates is hereditary"? asked Johnson, a briefless barrister who put on the airs of a K.C. "Is it transmitted from parents to progeny in all its noble blueness, or is it in descent likely to take on, say, the tone of terra cotta?"

The Professor mused for a moment. A reply was not ready, and he sought inspiration from his bandana, while Johnson posed as a cross-examiner who had got his victim into a tight corner.

"Well," said the great discoverer at length, "in the case of infants reared on what is known as 'the bottle' I would advise two drops daily in their food; in natural feeding the Sang-Bleu, as I shall call it, would be imbibed by the mother."

"Then," retorted Johnson, pointing a forefinger in the finest forensic I-have-you-on-the-hip style, "how can you assert that the hereditary principle is doomed when your preparation perpetuates it?"

"In a certain sense, yes," rejoined the Professor calmly. "But the heredity will not be confined to a select few. I will modify my previous statement by saying that the exclusive hereditary principle is doomed."

Jubbleby then plunged into a sea of scientific terms and phrases, through which floated mystic forms variously entitled "haemoglobin," "lecithin," "plasma," and other delightful specimens of nomenclature. He mentioned "Solution" and "Coagulation," and the members all looked wise. From his jargon it was gathered that, having separated the blood and subjected something or other to sodium and magnesium, he had bigamously married the result to a few chemicals.

"Now, gentlemen," the Professor said, "I guarantee that the preparation is perfectly harmless—neither the physique nor the mental powers are injured. Suppose I take two subjects Charles, the attendant, and Henry, the messenger, unless any one of you would like to test the discovery."

They all agreed to leave the thing alone as far as they were personally concerned, but thought the suggestion that Charles and Henry should be adopted.

The Professor poured into two glasses some select wine which belonged to Johnson. To the wine he added a few drops of a liquid contained in a phial which he took from his pocket.

"Charles and Henry," he said, as he made an attempt to display an exuberant good fellowship, "it is the anniversary of my birth, and I ask you to drink my health."

The man and the lad eyed the Professor curiously. The latter was heard to remark that he thought "Old Jubbleby had gone up the pole."

However, they swallowed the mixture, after having wished the donor "Many 'appy returns."

Then the Professor acted strangely. He took them both by the shoulders and looked at them one after the other in the face fixedly.

"You can go now," he said. "Return in fifteen minutes."

Johnson was evidently displeased at the uncerem... manner in which his half bottle of Amontillado had been commandeered, but conversation proceeded. Jubbleby took out his watch.

"Time!" he called in the midst of the talk. It sug... the National Sporting Club. "Call them!"

Johnson went to the speaking tube and demanded presence of Charles and Henry. They did not appear response, and Johnson, his secretarial dignity upset, ceeded to fetch them.

In two or three minutes he returned, his face wearing expression of deep import.

"Very extraordinary!" he exclaimed. "The men the boy haughtily resented my orders, and are even now suming the club's best cigars."

"They are inoculated with the blue blood—that's the matter! Victory! Victory!" cried the Professor.

"Dash it!" This time the chorus came fortissimo.

* * *

The exclusive hereditary principle is not to be sw... by Jubbleby's discovery. It has leaked out that in... for the phenacetin, Jemima, the housemaid, knocked a phial of aniline into the vessel containing the Pro... Sang-Bleu, thus leading him to believe that he had entitled to a high niche in the Temple of Fame. ... stances combined to accentuate the conclusion. ... symptoms of the change taking place in the arteries he thought, observable in the eyes, which emitted sparklets, signals of success, and it was to discern these he peered so intently into the optics of his two subjects conscious of possessing the power, there was latent in mighty store of hypnotic force, and his strong wish that preparation should fulfil its office had its effect. Charles Henry were obedient to his will.

On recovering their normal condition the two "s... had no recollection of having departed from their obedience as servants, and were but half convinced of curious deviation from the path of duty when ... pointed to the cigar-ends as damning evidence of their

Jubbleby is still engaged in "touching" his acquaint... for trifling loans.

HAL V...

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

: That's a rather nice ring you've got.
ie: Yes. It's my engagement ring, and to tell the I prefer the "present" to the "future."

* * *

BURGLAR PROOF.

n—John, dear," whispered Mrs. Timmid, shaking her husband violently by the arm, "there's a burglar house!"

well, let him burgle," returned John sleepily. "He ve the silver if he wants it, but the cuss isn't going to of my sleep."

* * *

dy Pedestrian: I'm sorry I've nothing for you, my an. But stay, here are two tickets for a kinema show. you like them?
d Beggar: Certainly. I am only blind during the day-

* * *

THE RETORT PROFESSIONAL.

hor: I would have you know, sir, that I have written ter magazines than yours!
hor: And did you get them?

* * *

There's Mrs. Montmorenci just gone in. I wonder e can enjoy the opera. Why she's as deaf as a post. But see how elegantly she is dressed.

* * *

ENCOURAGING.

y, my dear sir," cried the enthusiastic agent, "if I and told you all about this car, you'd think I was

think so, anyhow," said the prospective victim, with a "Go on—it interests me."

* * *

Have you heard this eight-year-old German boy- before?
Oh yes—twelve years ago, in Berlin.

* * *

HER REFERENCE.

p: You know the saying, mum, "He that giveth to lendeth to the Lord."
Subbubs: Very true. And since you speak in proverbs, you to another old saw.
p: Which one is that, mum?
S.: The one back in the wood-shed.

TOTALLY INADEQUATE.

Smudkins: "Aud do you think for one moment, my dear friend, that that horrible stuff is going to quench your thirst?"
Sam the Soak: "Wot! This 'ere one glass! The Lord forbid!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

CONSIDERATE.

"Blanc is a devoted, conscientious and considerate husband, I understand."

"Yes; whenever he is going to be home to dinner, he always notifies his wife beforehand."—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Washington Sunday-school teacher of her class.

"I know," squeaked a little girl after the others had given up.

"Well, what?" inquired the teacher.

"Dry land."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

NATURAL QUERY.

"This picture," he said, stopping before one of his early efforts, "is one I painted to keep the wolf from the door."

"Indeed!" replied the woman. "Then why don't you hang it on the knob, where the wolf can see it?"—*Houston Post.*

* * *

It was in the conservatory.

"Won't you let me hug you?" he murmured ardently.

"Not here," she replied. "It wouldn't be proper."

Going out on the dance floor, they engaged in a clinch and tangoed under the scrutiny of staid chaperons.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * *

"There are so many things that should be left unsaid," observed the professor.

"Yes; but so few of them are."—*Buffalo Express.*

THE INFANT PRODIGY.

"We only permit him to play in a minor key."
"Of course; because he is so young."

Le Rire.

INTERROGATIONS
AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

If the Rev. A. J. Waldron is now an avowed admirer of Mlle. Gaby Deslys, and how he enjoyed the tea-party at the Carlton?

* * *

Who suggested that Suffragettes should be re-christened Votaries?

* * *

If man regards his clothes as something to put on, while a woman regards hers as something to show off.

* * *

Why women's hats have developed such a distressing inclination to entirely annihilate one eye, and if this is the reason why so many women now sit sideways?

* *

Whether the Bristol students have successfully demonstrated to the Suffragettes that they also consider the subject of female voting a burning question?

* *

What the second-hand bookseller in Shaftesbury Avenue means to infer by advertising Mr. Harold Begbie's "Life of Baden-Powell" as "cheap fiction"?

* *

How the co-respondent who still continues to visit the petitioner's shaving saloon in the Edgware Road, manages to preserve his cheek?

* *

If Mr. H. G. Wells has just purchased an aeroplane, and if he imagines that it will provide him with flights of fancy?

* *

The Northumberland policeman who ran himself in for allowing his chimney to catch fire evidently has a sense of humour.

* *

If the Anti-Vivisection Society isn't feeling rather cut up just at present?

* *

If Lord Murray has discovered that even oil doesn't always run smoothly?

* *

The name of the actress who has declared her intention of having a motor-car "built in the shape of a coffin and painted black," and if the freak may be traced to a last futile attempt to keep her name before the public?

* *

If a certain well-known lady novelist is about to write us a political novel with a Scottish background, and if she attended the big meeting of Fifeshire Liberals addressed by Mr. Asquith in quest of "copy"?

* * *

If the old-fashioned bead bags are to become the vogue once more, and if certain classic dancers will find the cost of dressing more expensive in consequence?

* * *

If it is true that some autograph letters of Peter the Great have just been discovered in a fried fish shop, where they were being used as wrappers?

* * *

Why the Lord Mayor-elect has dispensed with his "side-springs"? Certainly their loss is a decided improvement, for he has now quite a military appearance.

* * *

A contemporary says Her Majesty has "permitted Princess Mary to leave her glass case, as," so it is asserted, "a prominent courtier has just expressed it; hence her forthcoming appearance in the hunting field." But Princess Mary has [illegible] for some seasons. Five years [illegible] in December 1908, she made her début with the West [illegible] her sponsors being Mr. Neil Primrose and General [illegible] hurst ("Big Brock") and last season she had several with the same hounds.

* * *

Whether the "split in the Government" catch may now be applied to "petticoat" government?

* * *

Why a certain lady well known in St. John's always sleeps with a fully loaded and cocked revolver her pillow?

* * *

Whether Lloyd George will prove more effective at ing than he is at arithmetic?

* * *

The name of the wealthy sportsman who has just leaving something like £50,000 to a certain charming girl of eighteen "in nition of her sweet devo his invalid wife," and w wife in question thinks it?

* *

If it is not rather s that no enterprising pu ever pounced upon Mr. the late hangman, and h him to write a book of R cences?

* *

If it wasn't very fortu a certain pretty actress' father happened to theatrical manager, and would have "got there thing like so rapidly und favourable circumstance

* *

Whether the numb theories that refuse to anything to be compar the number of theori refuse to do likewise?

* *

The name of the profe humorist who recentl £150 damages in a law c stood all his witnesses hole lunch at Romano's strength of it? And if received the £150 yet?

* *

The identity of the gentleman who broke his while trying to dance do Alhambra stair-case after formance of "Keep Smi

* *

A new dress material, possess the virtue of germs, has just been inv A case of robes versus robes, eh?

* *

How Father Hugh enjoyed the rehearsal of C Chesterton's new play at the Little Theatre the other noon, also his interested chat with the charming actress is playing the only female part?

* * *

If the slit skirt has at length made its appearan Court?

* * *

Whether the fever that Sir R. Baden-Powell was re to be suffering from a few days prior to the arrival heir was really a fever of expectation.

* * *

If the splendid collection of diamonds which appe cause her so much anxiety are not all false, and husband didn't have rather a nasty shock when he arco to pawn them a few months back?

* * *

Whether it is true that Sir Ian Hamilton declined Commander-in-Chiefship in India, and if so, why appointment was not offered in turn to Sir Horace Dorrien, Sir James Willcocks, and Sir Douglas Haig

The Nut: "Yes, flirting is almost as much a science as mathematics."
The Flapper: "Well, it is apt to lead to multiplication, isn't it?"

turn of the British service for the coveted post, and officers with claims should have had the refusal went to an Indian Army officer.

* * *

about Sir Edmund Barrow? If the usual rule were nored and the appointment given twice in succession dian Service, surely this officer should have had it? nior to Sir Beauchamp Duff, Sir O'Moore Creagh's r, and has greater claims. At the same time there is tion about General Duff's qualification; still, it was urn.

* * *

book, "Les Femmes de l'Oncle Sam," M. Emile ps says: "One can tell, from the manner in which ceives or gives a kiss, the college from which she uated. The best kissers come from Smith College." Deschamps kindly supply the address of the college?

* * *

er the Lord Chamberlain has sent a representative t. James's Theatre to see "The Witch," and whether lay of red-hot passion at the end of the second act is more suggestive than any music hall performance, ere is nothing in the written words to suggest that g of the sort would be made of it.

* * *

while the Lord Chamberlain's department feels itself le to tackle the Deslys it may be a little nervous of ing with an actress of irreproachable reputation in life, and moreover an ardent suffragette, but that stinctions are altogether inexcusable.

* * *

the Duke has blushed a little self-consciously when been congratulated on the bold way in which he Mr. Lloyd George on the deer forests question, and is patting himself on the back at possessing, in the of Blankney," a great-uncle-in-law who besides aster of quite a ducal literary style is also a match a dozen Chancellors when it comes to questions of His Grace has not the cleverness that might be remembering his brilliant mother.

* * *

rdie" had entered the lists with so redoubtable caused some surprise, for he has that dislike of any kind which was so characteristic of his aring and most unassuming man. "Geordie" our in that photo which shows him wearing a e was taken in all the bravery of Sutherland tartan, , hose and brogues), but this was because of his n to the proceeding.

* * *

the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland has another ppearing shortly.

* * *

the only thing which a few years ago seemed more than a reconciliation of their Graces was the up of Blenheim Park. But while the latter will an accomplished fact, the former is as far off as spite the fresh attempts at mediation in high quarters, made it must be admitted without the fullest knowledge of all existing circumstances.

* * *

Still the kindly mediators may have more success than did King Edward, who did his utmost to prevent his godson separating from his charming American wife.

* * *

That the Queen's visit to Newmarket was prompted by pure curiosity, and had no ulterior motive whatever, and that Her Majesty is understood to have been quite pleased with the apparent respectability of the headquarters of the racing world.

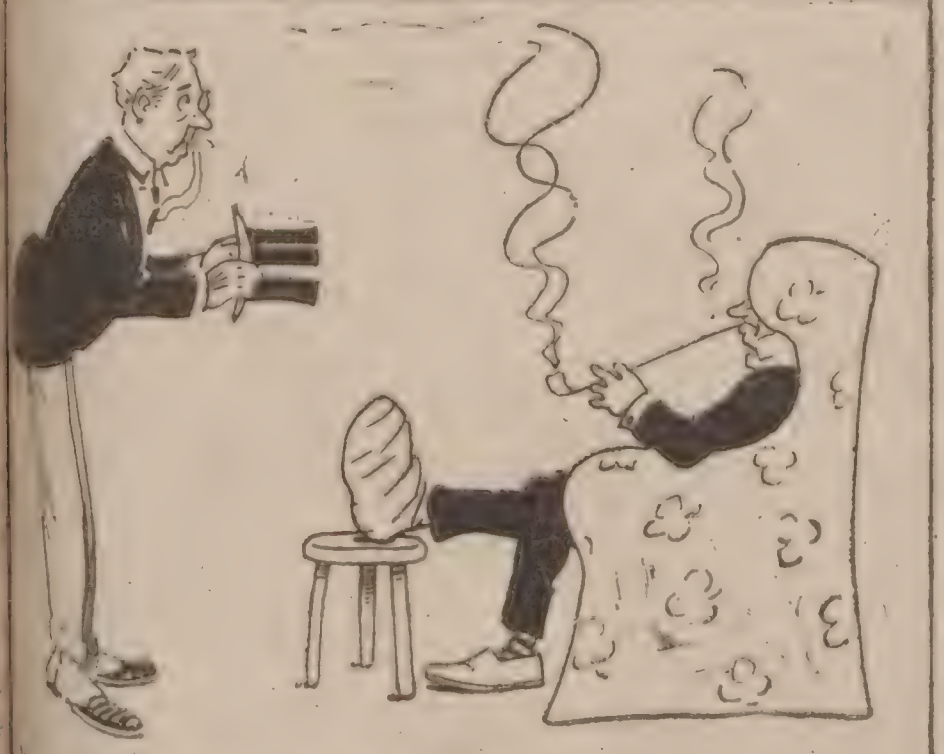
* * *

Her Majesty dislikes the Turf, and makes no secret of the fact. She has good reason for her dislike, which dates from the time when she was living at White Lodge, Richmond Park. Her parents were none too well off, and one of her brother's racing debts caused them very serious inconvenience.

* * *

Does the library censorship extend to monthly review? If so, how is it that the *English Review* is still sent out to subscribers, and prominently displayed on bookstalls and shops?

MOLLIE FROM MAIDA VALE.



TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

"May I take this opportunity, sir, of asking for your daughter's hand?"

TABLOID TOPICS.

A Copper King—the Chief Commissioner of Police.

* * *

"Corpse rescued from fire"—news par headline. Who knows?

* * *

Why do people always carry umbrellas when it's fine, asks a weekly. Because umbrellas won't walk.

* * *

Kicked from Home. The Cup Final will not be played, we learn, at the Crystal Palace in future.

* * *

"Had I not arrived the whole family of nine might have been burned," said P.C. Stich. A Stich in time saved nine.

* * *

"'The blood' is the real modern dandy, the 'nut' is a sham," says Gee-Gee. One's pure butter, the other nutty margarine.

* * *

"Olympia Motor Show. Interesting features to be noticed"—*Standard* headlines. There is much of a sameness about motor faces, we think.

* * *

A quantity of pepper thrown at the Chancellor by a Suffragette caught a detective in the face. In the eyes of the law this is not an offence to be sneezed at.

* * *

"A Fisherman's Fine Run" is illustrated in a pictorial halfpenny daily. Would it not be more appropriate if these angling athletes went in for wrestling—"catch-as-catch-can" style?

* * *

"Should a woman tell?" is a question propounded by the Vicar of Brixton by way of a music-hall sketch. If it is a secret she is sure to tell it—when it has no reference to her age.

* * *

It is stated that a woman belonging to the polyglot gipsies who have invaded Ilford declared that they were going to remain there "for goods." The tradesmen will perhaps keep a sharp watch on their wares.

* * *

The spectacle of a Massachusetts jury weeping while they shook hands with a woman they had declared innocent of killing her husband must have been a case of hinc silly lachrymae. Where was the town crier?

* * *

The Dean of Rochester has spoken slightingly of girls who pose for pictures exhibiting an irresistible smile and acres of teeth. Another instance of land being misused. L.G. will please make a mental dental note of it.

* * *

"The British Dominions are impregnable—they cannot be acquired by force of arms." Thus Mr. Norman Angell. It is fruitily refreshing to know that there is at least one Angell who is not on the side of the big battalions.

* * *

Sir Joseph Beecham is to partner Mrs. Walter Gibbons in the proprietorship of a new Variety Theatre at Golder's Green. There are to be no pillars in the auditorium, but every box, of course, will be worth a guinea.

* * *

Edna May (Mrs. Lewisohn) is to reface the footlights. Hubby has apparently nulled and voided his prohibition. He is the son of the "Copper King," and in consonance with the law of heredity he copped the Belle of New York.

* * *

A morning paper tells us that a steamer sailed into a meadow and got ashore. If the meadow had sailed into the steamer, or the steamer had sailed into the meadow and got out to sea, it would have been something to brag about.

* * *

Mr. Gosset-Tanner, candidate for Wimbledon, has sent a letter to the *Daily Chronicle* denying that he had anything to do with the arrest of Mr. Mussell, the sitting member. The letter may be regarded as a safety (bi)valve. We gratuitiously suggest that "Brains and Musseli" would not be a bad electioneering card.

* * *

The heir-apparent has been again targetted by the ubiquitous snap-hotter. He has been depicted while in the act of lighting a cigarette after a football tussle. He is also cameraed on the field en cameraderie with the other fellows. Here he is marked with an X—an unknown quantity. Rank rebellion at which he should kick.

Was Mr. Churchill, when he visited the new naval magazine, sighing for another excursion into the air.

* * *

Having been arrested twice in a month for drunk Mr. Alfred Stuff has now tried to commit suicide. Hot

* * *

"Old submarine sunk"—runs a news headline. take it that this performance is only expected of the ones?

* * *

Mr. Edward Morris, a Chicago Baron of Beef, di Monday, worth several millions. It will be the last t provides a roast.

* * *

A marrage by proxy has been dissolved by the P Court. Quite proper. The parties could have been only approximately.

* * *

£3 for nothing, says an advertisement. We don that sum. It reminds us of the King's bounty with horrible associations.

* * *

Twenty divorces were pronounced in France durin for "reasons unknown." We wonder to how many ma this phrase would apply.

* * *

A crocodile was shot in the Rhine one day last week. big game is, of course, unusual in that river, which is celebrated for its Ehren.

* * *

An appeal for £50,000 is being made for a nationa post fund. Is this due to the scaremongers decla are on the high road to ruin, we wonder?

* * *

A quantity of grey hair has been sent to the Church for the benefit of the Society's charitable funds. Me case of casting one's troubles upon charity.

* * *

Some journals over-emphasise the fact that the working-men guests at the Holborn Restaurant dinne clad in corduroy. What more appropriate than Royal

* * *

"Much out-of-the-way plumage was sold at the feather sale at the London Commercial Sale Rooms, means so much more in-the-way stuff to dodge in and bus.

* * *

From the Agony column of the *Daily Mail*: "De Have got case—could taste for ever my own Darling heart." What a delicious bit of sweetstuff the addresse must be!

* * *

A gorilla accompanied its master in an aeroplane from Strasburg to Metz. We expect the airman g monkey up because he was afraid they would convert Strasburg sausages.

* * *

An Irish Viceregal Commission on milk supply mends the extensive introduction of goats into rural Ir And just when we were hoping those wild Irish would over playing the goat!

* * *

"Packing for the post. Hints for sending absent friends"—says a newspaper headline. Adv packing may be useful, but the hints will pour fully enough presently.

* * *

Lieut. Bpon, R.N., whose marriage to Miss Joyce was twice postponed owing to calls of duty, has Hope by his photograph published in the halfpennies.

* * *

In a *Times* birth announcement last Monday the ma the child, a girl, was given as Hinemoa Gerome. If the parent's first offence in the hurried selection "christian" name, we will forgive them. But they m do it any more.

* * *

One of the sights of Bond Street of late was a w wherein was a squirming mass of undressed lay which was demonstrating the freedom of the waist ob by wearing a certain corset. Curiously enough was without a head. Not another example of candour, surely!

HER MASCOT.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Shame to spill milk, but not a crying shame.

* * *

Best thing about hugs is that it's absolutely free.

* * *

If the charity that begins at home is easily discouraged.

* * *

A woman seldom has cause to repent because she is single.

* * *

A girl begins to call a young man by his first name when she signs on his last.

* * *

A little on the engine makes the most noise, but it is up to pull the train.

* * *

A smart man can tell the truth so truthfully that a designing woman can't tangle him up.

* * *

Any man who falls in love with a woman at sight by moonlight will fall in love in another direction by sunlight.

* * *

A man's success may be due either to his backbone or his wishbone.

* * *

An earthly saint has a face that scares away temptation.

* * *

When a man marries a slender girl and she develops avoirdupois in after years, he can see where he got what he bargained for.

Speak your mind if you must, but mind how you speak.

* * *

He is a sensible man who doesn't want what he can't have.

* * *

The black sheep stands a better chance of living to a ripe old age than the fatted calf.

* * *

The best many a girl gets out of it who marries for a home is a chance to cook for boarders.

* * *

Sometimes a man thinks he is being promoted, when he is being shoved around in a kind-hearted hope of finding a place where he won't be in the way.

* * *

A man never has much to fear from a woman who is fat enough to shake when she laughs.

* * *

A few feminine tears or a shower of rain doesn't amount to much, but how a man does hate a flood!

* * *

We are not surprised that a man gets nervous at his own wedding. It is probably the first time he ever saw all the bride's kin lined up.

* * *

No man has a clean record just because he is in the swim.

* * *

The principal ingredient in luck is common sense.

* * *

Every married man knows that it takes but one to make a quarrel.

IN STAGELAND.

Miss Maud Allan, who, together with Isadora Duncan, originated barefoot classical dancing as it is now so widely understood and appreciated, has been explaining the reasons for her intention of standing by her Indian contracts in the face of bitter opposition from Anglo-Indian officials. Certain it is that if the native section of her audience fail to be impressed with her art, *as* an art, they will see only a member of the governing classes renouncing all caste and dignity by dancing in public for money, and will maliciously classify her in the same social grade as their own "nautch" girls—practically an outcast sect, socially speaking, among all classes, native and official.

* * *

Anyone who has read Kipling's native works with sufficient care, fiction though they be, will not fail to grasp the dangerous situation that would almost inevitably be created should the subtle native mind construe Miss Allan's performance in such a manner as deliberately to feed the intense hatred that the dangerously large anarchist community, generously supported by their distinguished Welsh confrère, Mr. Keir Hardie, cultivate towards Lord Hardinge, his staff and the British population in general.

* * *

Curiously enough, in the course of a chat with Mlle. Roshanara just recently at the Tivoli, she was telling me that her happiest times and most successful appearances had been achieved during her Indian tours, where she met with no opposition—nothing, indeed, but whole-hearted appreciation from all classes. The difference would appear to be that Roshanara's performances partake more of the character of careful studies of superior Indian types than of dancing to expound European types that the bulk of the native intellect utterly fails to recognise, with a consequent impression that, one can easily foresee, might cause incalculable harm.

* * *

Some such reasoning must have appealed to Miss Allan herself, who says that "if I abandoned my tour in deference to the wishes of some Anglo-Indians there would be an impression that Maud Allan, and Maud Allan only, was banned from exercising her art in India."

* * *

At the moment of going to press "Are You There?" which was accorded so terribly mixed a reception at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last Saturday, is still undergoing strenuous revision, and, in the end, all will probably be well. Leoncavallo's splendid melodies, of which Miss Kellogg's "Roseway" is easily the finest example, do not approach the conventional lyric type which Mr. George Edwardes's comedies have made us all respect for so long, but I cannot help thinking that in the event of "Are You There?" becoming successfully toned to the public taste, the play will stand an excellent chance of ranking as the pioneer production of an entirely new method of the musical treatment of comedies of the future.

* * *

Mr. Ned Wayburn it is who must accept the whole of the responsibility for those numbers which provoke audience to ironical laughter and the rest to scream. There has been a strain of bombastic self-assertion this gentleman's methods, both in the theatre and relations with the press, which Londoners have learnt loathe as almost the sole prerogative of Americans profession. Thus it is that Mr. de Courville has let down. However, signs are not lacking that burn has learnt wisdom, and, if he will accept verdict as a personal moral chastisement and consequently chastened demeanour to reflect itself in restraint of a few of the more blatantly over-pro the music and the clever work of the Engli (prominent among whom, of course, we Shirley Kellogg) will eventually land Mr. de eminently satisfactory success.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE TOUR.

Actor (pleadingly, to well-known manager): "I am broke, absolutely! Forty miles to London, and got to walk all the way alone in this wretched weather!"

Manager: "Great heavens, man! What do you mean? Do you want me to walk with you?"

for a long time. Miss Irene Dillon is achieving with "Hold my hand, I'm lonely!" and is a number strongly reminiscent of more praiseworthy successes, but melody than anything this desirable lady Mr. Adams should give us good music variety, for his methods are

* *

I think perhaps that our natural female class known as "The Mil to express views of "The Actresses which were decidedly on the stron appear that no strength of militant their charge as yet, but it is, that Miss Lena Ashwell and several associates should choose to allow associated with persons who have tion by His Majesty's justices. at the Coronet Theatre a "Women's commence on December 8th, under the above league.

LADY SARAH LENNOX.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 28.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE-STORY OF LADY SARAH LENNOX, WHO JILTED KING GEORGE III., AND REGRETTED IT ALL HER LIFE.

...men have been born to such amazing vicissitudes in ... Lady Sarah Lennox, who jilted King George the Third ...ent of chagrin, and lived to regret the step all her ... descendants to-day are numerous, and the friendship ... George and all his immediate predecessors with the ... Richmond's family began with the one pretty romance ...r George's" long life. Lady Sarah Lennox was ... of a Duke of Richmond, and she had romance in ... ever any woman received that embarrassing trait ...ur. Lady Sarah's Royal associations began early. ... of five years old little Lady Sarah was out for a ...alk in Kensington Gardens with her nurse and her ... Louisa Conolly. Presently King George II. strolled ... ladies were at once on the *qui vive* for the old King's ... Waving his cane as he recognised the little party, ... and exclaimed, in French, "Good morning, ... do you do?" The King was so amused at this ... and then made her promise to come and see ...ames's Palace. One can easily imagine the delight ...mond family at the easy way in which the daughter ...se had won her way at Court long years before the ...xiety of the little lady's formal presentation had been ... And what strange results were to follow the early ... on the footsteps of the throne of this five-year-old

...g pops Lady Sarah into a china jar.

...t many days, one may be sure, before Lady Sarah ... to the Palace to become the playmate of the Royal- ... to be dangled affectionately on the knee of the old ... the Royal family. Lady Sarah was soon a prime ... ...r is no evidence that in her romps with King ...y Sarah ever set eyes on the King's eldest grand- ...ure King George the Third, for the latter's father, ... of Wales, was at deadly loggerheads with the King, ...ildren were all but unknown in the Court of His ... Lady Sarah never forgot the merry pranks of those ... days. Once the old King picked up Lady Sarah, ... into a large china jar, and shut down the cover, ... would cry. But, as the King's joke only had the ...king Lady Sarah warble the familiar French song ...Brook," the King's joke failed, and he merrily lifted ... Richmond's daughter from her confinement in the ... her courage with a hearty kiss.

...n at the Court of the Boy-King, George III.

...ppy days didn't last long, however, for just when ... seemed destined to greatness her mother died, and ... was carried off to Ireland to be brought up by ... Lady Kildare. Lady Sarah's career in Erin was ... uneventful, but she enjoyed an open-air life, ... into a true "English rose." At fifteen it was ...able that she should return to England, and secure ... Court. Her mother's eldest sister, Lady Holland, ... chaperone her, and in due course Lady Sarah ... more [illegible] which had been his in earlier days. Lady ... therefore, for a time a disappointing one. ...be crammed with excitement for Lady Sarah, and shortly after her return the King died, and His Majesty's grandson became King George III.

Lady Sarah is "paid out in her own coin."

Lady Sarah Lennox's stay in Ireland had not been without results that affected her whole life. For one thing, she had developed a precocious passion for the heir to the Marquis of Lothian—Lord Newbattle. Those were precocious days, and girls of fifteen regarded it as essential to their being to be in love in their early teens. Whether Lady Sarah's heart was really affected by Lord Newbattle does not much matter; he was a vain, conceited puppy, who made love to every girl he met, and presumed upon his distinguished birth and prospects to play ducks and drakes with the heart of every woman who crossed his path. He had wooed and won the Duke of Bedford's daughter, and would have married her, but Lady Sarah, who was a born coquette, determined to get Lord Newbattle from the heiress of Bedford, and succeeded. For a time Lady Sarah made herself the heroine of a romance in which she had triumphed over a rival in the lists of love. But the "romance" was a fool's paradise for Lady Sarah, for suddenly Lord Newbattle broke off his engagement, and did it in a contemptuous manner, and it was then that it was decided to bring back Lady Sarah to London to see what the exhilaration of life in the Metropolis would do for her.

Lady Sarah tantalises the Boy-King.

Labouring thus under the strain of a damaged heart, which however, only increased the sweetness of her natural charms, Lady Sarah was "presented at Court." The boy, King George III., had already become the objective of numerous matrimonial intrigues on his relatives' part, who naturally desired to see him safely united to a Royal princess, and his line ensured the succession. But all these plans received a rude shock immediately the young monarch set eyes upon the blooming Lady Sarah Lennox. The King at once fell hopelessly in love with her, and determined to make her his bride. No monarch's intentions were ever more honourable and sincere. Too young to hide his real feelings, and naturally a man of open life and cleanness of thought and habit, within a few weeks the King's infatuation for Lady Sarah was the sole talk of the Court. His Majesty lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the lady. King George was a shy youth, but apt in conversation, and full of youthful ardour. Time after time he tried to convey to Lady Sarah what he desired her to know, but at fifteen she was full of artless coquetry, and always pretended not to see what His Majesty was driving at. For one thing she had not got over her affair with Lord Newbattle, and so long as Lord Lothian's heir obsessed her imagination, she had no thoughts for any other would-be lover, even though he wore the proudest crown on earth.

The King's Marriage proposal conveyed to Lady Sarah.

At last King George decided to take the "irretrievable step." Unable to overcome his backwardness as a lover, he told his little love-story to Lady Sarah's friend and relation, Lady Susan Fox Strangways. Even then his boyish Majesty was very adroit. Turning the conversation on to the coming Coronation, His Majesty said to Lady Sue (as she was called) "They are

all talking about my Coronation, but there will be no Coronation without a Queen!"

"But why, sire," said Lady Sue, in genuine surprise.

"Because they want me to have a German wife, and my affections have already been placed at home. I prefer an English wife, and I think your friend the right girl for the place. Will you be so good as to tell her so from me, and ask her what she thinks!"

Of course, Lady Sue lost no time in conveying the King's gratifying message to Lady Sarah. Lady Sarah was by now well acquainted with what was coming. She was, too, secretly full of the project to marry the King. But at fifteen a girl yearns to be "chased"—to be pampered, and courted, and wheedled. And then—there was Lord Newbattle. Besides, she was in no hurry to be a wife. Life was full of possibilities, but though those nebulous inducements to tarry could not bring anything grander than a Crown, Lady Sarah was determined to have her fill of flirtation. So she refused to allow Lady Sue to say what she wanted, in the belief that the King would persist until she could feel that she had been hardly won. A few days later the King summoned Lady Sue to the Palace and asked what Lady Sarah had said to his project. Eagerly His Majesty scanned Lady Sue's face for her reply, and exclaimed, "Pray be frank with me, for on your answer all my happiness depends. Now, Lady Sue, what did your friend say?"

"Nothing, sire," demurely answered Lady Sue. Then said the King, "Nothing comes of nothing!" And there and then Lady Sarah lost her chance of the consort-crown of England.

The King continues to hope for Lady Sarah Lennox.

Not that the King forsook his hope of winning her. Not a bit of it. He had all a boy's patience with a silly girl, and wherever he could find Lady Sarah His Majesty was to be seen, eagerly discussing things as if his life depended upon it. Nor was he in the least ashamed of his infatuation in public. The next time the King and Lady Sarah figured at Court was at the Birthday Ball, and the King had no eyes for anyone save Lady Sarah. "The King made her come forward and stand by his fauteuil. All eyes were fixed upon them, and all tongues were observing of the particularity of his behaviour—if it can be thought particular that a young King should not be able to avoid showing the strongest symptoms of love, and a desire for the prettiest creature in the world, for if possible she looked prettier that night than ever. Her ladyship, with a modesty very natural to her, and yet in looks as unaffected, returned the fondness of his eyes and gallantry of his discourse as much as ever he could have wished."

"He is in love with her, and it is no less certain that she loves him, and if she ever thinks of Newbattle, it is to vex and hate herself for that very foolish transaction. It is impossible to write down so much discourse as the King had with her, nor was that so remarkable as the *langage des yeux*. Among other things, he desired his sister to dance the 'Betty Blue.' 'A dance, madam,' he says to Lady Sarah, 'that you are well acquainted with. I am very fond of it, because it was taught to me by a lady (this while looking very significantly at Lady Sarah, though she did not really know whom he meant). A very pretty lady,' says he, 'that came from Ireland a twelvemonth in November!' She then knew whom he meant, but pretended not to, and King George continued, 'I am talking to her now, and she taught it to me at the Ball last Twelfth Night!' 'Indeed,' says she, 'I did not remember it!' 'That may be,' says he, 'but I have a very good memory for whatever relates to that lady. I had got a pretty new country dance of my own for the late King's birthday, if he had lived to it, and I named it the Twenty-Fifth of February (which, of course, was Lady Sarah's birthday)!' Lady Sarah coloured deeply, and in this way did these two young lovers entertain one another for an hour before the eyes of the whole ball-room. He stopped very remarkably, as he was leaving the room, and turned and spoke to her again and again, as if he could not tear himself from her!"

"My Beautiful Back."

But all the time that poor innocent love-lorn Lady Sarah was enjoying the delights of coquetting with the love of a King, the most strenuous efforts were being directed to the arrangement of a Royal marriage, from which the King could not escape. No word was ever allowed to get to Lady Sarah's ears of this. Instead, the Duchess of Brunswick was all "honey" to Lady Sarah, and encouraged her to flirt with the King all she knew. So, quite suddenly, with no premonition of its coming, Lady Sarah heard, to her intense chagrin and dismay, the official announcement that the King was betrothed to Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz! The King had never even seen his bride, but the die was cast, and his little romance was ended. Thenceforth he had to swallow his feelings, and prepare to go through with the Royal match which had been made for him. How close the bond between King George and Lady Sarah had become may be imagined from a remark of Lady Barrington's. She had a very beautiful back, and knew it. One night, as she and Lady Sarah went into the Presence Chamber at St. James's, Lady Barrington pulled aside the Duke of Richmond's daughter, and exclaimed "My dear Lady Sarah, do let me take the once, and go in before you, for you will never opportunity of seeing my beautiful back!"

A Touching Incident at King George's Wedding

Thus ended the hope of England of having a beautiful Queen for King George III. Charlotte of Mecklenburg proved a first-rate wife to the King who had been "crossed" in love, and all our present-day Royalties are her descendants. Lady Sarah Lennox, however, did not readily give up the King. For a long time she continued to place herself in his path, in the hope that he would refuse to go through with the Mecklenburg match, and once, not having seen the King for a long time, she disguised herself as a menial and intercepted His Majesty in an ante-chamber of St. James's Palace. But the King had given his word, and perhaps he was a little tired of the coquetted with. So Lady Sarah dried her eyes, and took her part at the wedding as a bridesmaid—the loveliest of the bridesmaids. Poor little Charlotte of Mecklenburg was but a poor substitute for the glorious Lady Sarah, and King George's love-lorn glances at his old-time sweetheart during the wedding ceremony touched all hearts.

Sad End of Lady Sarah Lennox.

Two years later Lady Sarah, in dudgeon, accepted the hand of a sporting baronet, Sir George Bunbury. Bunbury's horse, Diomed, won the first Derby that ever was run, and Lady Sarah fell violently in love with Lord Wal[illegible] and ran away with him. She never again saw her [illegible] and divorce, followed by strict retirement [illegible]. Goodwood House, Sir Charles Bunbury offered [illegible] but she refused. She eventually married the Hon. [illegible] Napier, a son of the fifth Lord Napier, by whom she had [illegible] sons and three daughters. Colonel Napier was employed [illegible] dingy office in Dublin, where he got consumption and died. [illegible] for years Lady Sarah had no end of trouble to provide for [illegible] large family on a very small income. An appeal to [illegible] finally resulted in her obtaining a pension of £200 a year. [illegible] Lady Sarah became blind; two of her [illegible] followed their father to a consumptive's grave, and two [illegible] sons were successively wounded at the front. Lady Sarah mourned the loss of one of these sons, and closed in blindness and sorrow the life of [illegible] who might have been "Queen-Consort of England."

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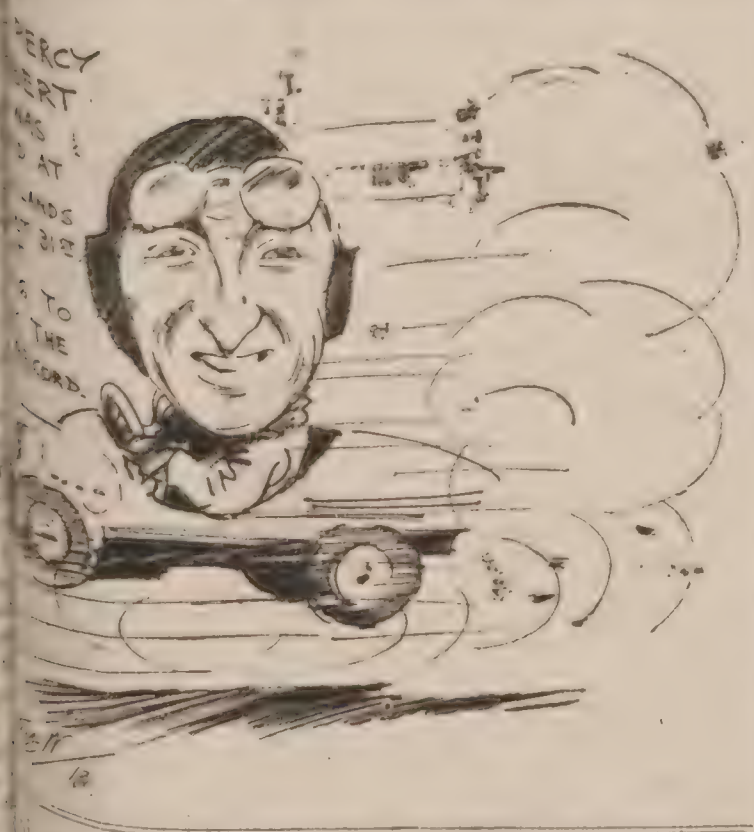
ODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Gray make his huge breaks with ivory—real billiards as he can with the composition atrocities, with one plays a different game altogether? If he can



his red ball hazards as well with ivories he must have chance of beating even H. W. Stevenson; if he can- hasn't a dog's chance.

Gray during his last visit was making his extraor- four-figure breaks week after week, match after the interest in his doings soon flagged. He would a house now for such exhibitions, and like the wise man he is, or rather like the wise child who knows is father is right, he is going to learn the real game. to give his resolve a good send-off, he challenges on for £250 aside, and the match has been fixed up. April is a far cry, and much water will flow under Bridge before the contest takes place. But, and in the long-headedness in getting the match ray without the match is no great draw, Gray with money match with Stevenson pending will be worth And that £250 will be back in the pockets of the easily long before April.

BILLIARDS GOSSIP.

while Stevenson is clearly proving that he has lost his erstwhile brilliance by the manner in which he his old opponent Tom Reece in their 18,000 up Stevenson was behind his points nearly all the time, ece, playing up to the top of his game, gave his a great run for their money. Reece was in receipt points, and between them they made 105 three-fig- The finish saw Stevenson win by 675 points.

Melbourne Inman Stevenson should have some hot this year. It is now a moot point who is the better for Inman improved out of all knowledge last year venson was touring world with young Gray.

has also done a good deal of globe-trotting. The it is most noticeable is his fighting spirit in his bil- particularly when playing Reece. Last year Reece ge to beat him in a money match, and remarked to hat it was the first time he had done so. "Yes, and a long time before you do it again," said the Twick- Terror.

erally known that Inman as a young-ster was a the London Press Club. There is a good story there, and as he tells it himself in public there in repeating it. From the kitchen to the lounge asses the billiard-room. Inman when alone in the om has often taken the plate of toast off a tray toast, as the lift passed him, and while eating it delight at the angry words bandied between the kitchen-maid who had sent the toast downstairs, never received.

Inman and Reece are fine swimmers, and one of the years ago said he was going to swim in a five- miles race in the Thames. The next day the other went into training, but their names don't appear in the lists of those who have taken part in the annual race in the London tideway.

Meanwhile Inman as English champion has made a match with Willis Hoppe, the American champion. It is proposed to play six games, three under each code, for the world's championship. It is difficult to see how the world championship can be at stake, for Inman can have no chance with Hoppe at the 18.2 baulk line game, and Hoppe would certainly be outclassed at English billiards. Still the series of games, and particularly as one is to be played in London, promises much interesting sport.

THE F.A. JUBILEE BANQUET.

The Football Association's Jubilee Banquet with all its meannessess and heart-burnings is a thing of the past. They have made more enemies over their dinner than anything else they have done. Few people cared much for the actual feed, but the gratuitous insult offered to the Press of this country is a thing that the members of the fourth estate are not likely to forget in a hurry.

The representatives of three of the News distributing agencies were invited; the others included the *Athletic News*, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Mail*, the Football *Evening News*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and one or two others, sixteen in all.

There was no representative from the *Daily Chronicle*, presumably because it has dared to champion the cause of the A.F.A.; there was none from the *Daily Express* because perchance it vehemently criticised the deplorable arrangements made for the final tie last year, and invited sufferers to send their complaints along to the paper; there was no representative from the *Daily Mirror*, although that paper has always taken the part of the F.A. in its quarrel with the A.F.A., but presumably because it remarked on the incredible meanness of the F.A. in putting journalists on the track at Stamford Bridge at last year's International match with Scotland, where they could not see, in order to get a few more half-crowns for seats in the stand.

* * *

The *Star* was present, presumably because it gives so much in the way of work orders to members of the F.A. Council, and the *Athletic News* may have a similar qualification. The *Evening News* and *Daily Mail* may have been invited to stop the "Low tone of Football" articles in those papers; so one might go on. It was one of the strangest jobs ever perpetrated by a committee notorious for the facility with which it can do the wrong thing when the right thing is easy.

Football would not be what it is had not the Press of this country taken it under its wing and fostered it as it has done. The insult will not hurt the Press, but the F.A. is bound to suffer in the long run, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will not be so helpful or willing helpers as the Press might be.

VARSITY RUGGER.

Oxford's Rugby fifteen seems to go on improving every week. Their victory over the Harlequins was achieved against a stronger side than that which beat Cambridge a week earlier. Then on Monday they simply smothered Edinburgh, winning by 32 points to 0. The Oxford forwards are capital in the loose, F. W. Thompson a hefty lot, and are particularly smart in this respect. The try of F. H. Knott, who intercepted a pass, kicked the ball over the back's head and went on to gather the ball and go over, was a brilliant piece of work.

Cambridge beat Richmond easily enough, and on Tuesday narrowly defeated Dublin University by a goal to a try, at Cambridge. There is every prospect of a great game at Queen's next week.

THE FOOTBALL TRANSFER OF THE WEEK. JACK RUTHERFORD. NEWCASTLE UNITED TO WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

THE ASSOCIATION GAME.

Blackburn Rovers have been defeated at last, Sunderland conquering them by 2 to 1 after a rousing game. It was fitting that the champions of last season should be the first to seriously check the Rovers, but that such a check was imminent was apparent the previous week when Blackburn were lucky to draw at Tottenham.

Swindon meanwhile go on from success to success. Their victory at Gillingham was their tenth in succession, and up to now they have garnered every league point they have played for. Batty, who is acting as understudy to Fleming (who is expected to resume playing on Saturday) during his enforced absence through injury, has been doing great things. He accomplished the hat trick against the Kent club.

THE RHODES SCHOLAR AND ATHLETICS.

Mr. Anthony Hope, in a letter to the *Times* on the question of Rhodes Scholars in 'Varsity Sports, points out the fact that all the firsts and seconds at the recent Freshmen's sports were won by Rhodes Scholars. He quotes the saying of a Cambridge man last year who said "we can beat Oxford, but I'm not sure we can beat the British Empire and the United States of America."

The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes in founding these scholarships desired athletics to be considered when they were awarded. Now what has happened is that too much attention is paid to athletics, and as Mr. Hope says "it would be a great pity if there were ground even for a suspicion that excessive importance were attached to athletic excellence, and truly deplorable if the slightest tain of 'pot-hunting' and of over-specialised and semi-professional athleticism were to creep in."

What really happens is that the Rhodes Scholars who go to Oxford are mature athletes as a rule, and the native-born freshman is just the usual half-fledged public schools athlete, with only the rudiments of his sports learnt. Of course, he cannot hold his own in the Freshmen's sports; it would be marvellous if he did. Mr. Rhodes did not foresee the present development in 'Varsity athletics when he made his bequests or they might have been modified.

QUARRELLING LADY GOLFERS.

The latest split and quarrel in sport is among the women, the Ladies' Golf Union and the Ladies' Golf Alliance having a pretty little quarrel over the championship. The main facts are these: The Union is the older body but did not run an English championship; the Alliance, more ambitious, did so; now the Union want to step in and manage it, or at any rate take it out of the hands of the Alliance. The fencing in the letters passing between Miss M. E. Phillips, the hon. sec. of the Alliance, and Mrs. Issette Miller, of the Union, is pretty play. It reminds one of the Wall-Onslow letters in the early days of the Football split.

FREAK GOLF.

The Angler v. Golfer match at Wellington, Salop, between Mr. J. H. Mackinley, who did right well to go round the Wellington (Salop) Club's course in 102 casts against Mr. Rupert May (handicap 6) was interesting. But there could be little in a contest of this kind. A good golfer must win, for there is a limit to the distance a bait can be cast even by a most expert angler, such as Mr. Emery. Mr. Mackinley's longest cast was 105 yards. That's the difference: the angler should be the more certain in his direction, and judgment of distance, but he can't get far enough.

THE REVOLT OF THE LONG HANDICAP MAN.

In golf the revolt of the long handicap man is coming. Why should an eighteen man only take seven strokes from a nine man, and a nine man only seven from a scratch man? The result is that the man with the lower handicap wins. The scratch man takes it out of the nine man and swanks to him, and the nine man puts on patronising airs when he beats the eighteen man. And it is only usage which has created the custom an unwritten rule. No, you men, buck up and end the anomaly. You are the golf really, in spite of Harry Vardons and Ted Ray could not live without you.

BOXING.

There was some brilliant boxing at the National Sporting Club when Alf. Wye beat Sid Smith on points last Monday. The referee said Wye won, but I went to some trouble to count the rounds and get some confirmation for my own opinion that Smith had just got it. I asked a dozen Press men and they were seven for Smith, three for Wye, and two for a draw. Perhaps the two were right, so near was it. But G. T. Dunning, of the *Sportsman*, one of the best judges, and Mr. Sid Rushton, of the *Sporting Chronicle*, confirmed me in my opinion that Mr. Douglas had made a slip.

The defeat of Jack Harrison, the holder of the middleweight belt, at Kettering, by Gunner Barrett, was a rare blow, and confirms the idea that he has not recovered his defeat by McGoorty in America. It looks as if a match with Pat O'Keeffe is a good thing for the Irishman.

Hughie Mehegan beat Matt Wells in the Melbourne Stadium last Monday on points, and the pair have now won and lost a couple of contests. The return is interesting, but there may not be one, for Matt has whipped Mehegan at Melbourne.

Bandsman Blake, of Yarmouth, is still unbeaten, and the manner in which he is wiping out all opponents is another dangerous candidate for Harrison's belt. Harris almost pointless at the Ring, and grinned with delight all through that he evidently revels in fighting. Harris seemed to have had enough of the game, and was surprised when he chucked it at the end of the fourth for he looked like giving up before.

Wells, although the match with Carpentier is bound by the necessary deposition of the Frenchman, is now in training. This match means a lot to Wells becomes altogether discredited if Carpentier is giving away so much weight that defeat would be grace.

ON THE RUNNING PATH.

The mile professional world's champion another holder, H. Hedemann, of Australia, Holmer, of America, at Audenshaw, Lancs, on day. There is talk of further races between

SCULLING.

The news that Dick Arnst was beaten by Jim Fo the Australian sculling championship probably another match on the Thames in the near future don as Barry's opponent for the world's title. Al ently cannot find the backing to scull Barry for and so that match is hung up. A challenge by expected any day.

CRICKET IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The English cricketers have arrived at Cape Tow got a tremendous reception. Their first match Western Province starts to-day (Monday) on the Ground.

A FINE OLD SPORT.

May I be permitted to congratulate Admiral V. tague, who has passed his 72nd birthday, on his r in the *Field* as to how he caught a couple of salmo Dee in August on a trout rod and cast. It is delight ing. The gallant old sailor is a sport to the backbo never misses a big night at the National Sporting where he is one of the most popular members.

THE CHIEL AMANG

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ROMANCE.

eyton and the Hon. Valerie Knox had been bosom nce the days of the select Brussels *pension* when a ste in hair ribbons, *marrons glacés*, and French d revealed the existence of an "affinity." er they had developed a number of dangerously ideas, consumed immense quantities of chocolate d fallen in love with the same long-haired, anæmic- euton who taught them the piano. Later on when rned to London and Myra eloped with a dis- portrait painter (who had the misfortune to wife in a lunatic asylum) the Hon. Valerie Knox wise shocked. If anything, her admiration for her ensified. She almost envied her.

months later an almost similar adventure befell board a White Star liner bound for New York. n had brown hair, agate-coloured eyes and curiously hands. Otherwise, he was not in the least remark- fell in love with him almost immediately.

ening—a warm, velvety evening, with a peach- moon hanging low over phosphorescent waters— d side by side in a couple of deck-chairs and talked h voices grown sensuous from the magic influence e sea.

well you match the night," he murmured gently, tched out a hand to touch the bare white arm faintly by his side in the moonlight. "Your hair, a beetle's wing, is like the sky, and your eyes like great stars hanging low over the edge of the sea. e—that is like the shimmering of the moonlight on ce of the water. Valerie, you are a poem in the sh! I wish I were a poet!"

iled wistfully across at him, a great happiness in her breast.

deliciously you flatter!" she said, and then violently as he leant suddenly towards her.

rest of the voyage they were inseparable. They eed, very much in love.

night before the boat reached New York she lay ns under a white moon veiled with shredded wisps g cloud, and panted out a throbbing surrender ot passionate kisses.

their good-bye. They were to meet again in New days later.

* * *

nd of the engines had ceased. Valerie sat upon of her narrow bed, a pile of small packages heaped floor beside her, one white doe-skin glove twisted between slender, nervous fingers.

* * *

the sound of a woman's voice came clearly to bove the noise and bustle of hurrying feet.

Dorian—Dorian, I'm *so* glad! You can't think ——"

he voice of her old school chum, Myra Seyton. ng to her feet she peered out between the linen at screened the narrow deck-cabin windows. Her Myra, a pale-faced, weary-eyed Myra, were stand- one another not half-a-dozen feet away from her. es, of course, of course, but for Heaven's sake a scene," the former was saying, a look of flashing across the agate surface of his eyes. "I ect you to meet me here. How did you know t I was coming by?"

nan's answer, timid and hesitating, was drowned eral hubbub around, but Valerie fancied that she ring into the blue-grey eyes which once had been and flower-like. Then the man's voice continued: of use you are! Can't even look after a fellow's perly. I tell you I've hardly had a decent pair put on the whole time, and as for the shirts ——"

ld suddenly back upon the bed and sat staring. ile of luggage heaped in the opposite corner. d shirts! And Valerie's sad, pale little face!

ght of the previous evening; of the passionate. ses and tender assurances that had spilled like sic into her listening ear. Then: "I hadn't a of socks to put on!"

all that romance had to offer, the darning of ending of shirts, and eyes grown dull and list- ping?

scream of a crane shrieked out overhead, and ted clumsily against the door as they hurried past. minutes she sat perfectly still, a look of unutter in the depths of her horrified eyes, then throw- r head she laughed suddenly, a harsh ugly little had in it all the bitterness of disillusion.

GLADYS EVELYNE.

BE ABOVE THE ORDINARY MAN

If you were head and shoulders above your competitors in a literal sense, you would be head and shoulders above them in your business prospects as well.

The rise in salary which you have been waiting for so long would be yours. The big man commands attention and respect, and gets what he wants.

My system will increase your height by from two to three inches, as it has done for so many others. Definite proof of this will be found below. Why not let me increase your height, and improve your health and the smart appearance of your figure as well?

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Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes:—"I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your system I have added approximately three inches to my height."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4ft. 9½ins., but it is now 5ft., an increase of 2½ins., which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

Do not put off any longer, but write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for further particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road,

London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Markets are as bad as ever, the Mexican trouble completely dominating the situation, and with nothing to go for and plenty of idle rumours knocking about, prices are being continually marked down.

* * *

The speculator has been almost completely driven out of the markets, with the exception of those who have the pluck to go on the bear tack, but with prices so low it is a highly dangerous game for the bears.

* * *

In such times as these we can only fall back on first-class investments. With prices everywhere so much below intrinsic value it is a golden opportunity for the man with money in his pocket, who requires genuine investments, to pick up at prices that will show him a yield that he will never have the chance of seeing again.

* * *

You may think I am an optimist, or you may think I am entirely wrong in advising investment purchases while the stock markets are so bad. My reply is that times like the present are the only occasions when the public have the chance of securing stock, and a yield from same, which cannot be obtained at any other time.

* * * *

I quote at the bottom of my notes a few trustee investments which should be taken advantage of by those who have the money.

* * *

The bears have been heavily attacking Mexican Rails, but I think there are very distinct signs now that this stock is not likely to dip any lower, and a general improvement in prices should take place.

* * *

The first and second Preference are distinctly good speculative investments.

* * *

At the present price the first show a yield of about 6 per cent., and the second Preference about 9 per cent.

* * *

Home Rails have had to weather a very rough time again last week, but the market is now steadier, and the speculative stocks are likely to improve.

* * *

The best among these are Brighton Deferred, Great Northern Deferred, South Eastern Deferred, and Great Central Pref.

* * *

Grand Trunk Third Prefs. are down at a somewhat attractive level now, as the present price is £51, against £62 a month or two ago.

* * *

All interested readers of *Modern Life* should secure some of The Bowerman's Press 1s. Shares, which can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street. This paper is now making rapid headway, and the circulation has risen over 30,000 copies in the last three months, and as the increase in sales is continuous, the property will become extremely valuable.

* * *

The 1s. Ordinary shares rank first as regard dividend, and afterwards share in the full profits of the Company.

* * *

National Steam Cars have improved a shilling or two in price, and look like going better. I recommend these at 20s.; the price is now 23s. 6d.

* * *

Brazil Traction are cheap at 85 dollars, as this 100 dollar stock carries a 6 per cent. dividend.

* * *

The long expected decision of the Stock Exchange Committee that has been investigating the dealing in the shares of the American Marconi Company is promised for Tuesday next, when we are likely to hear of more brokers being suspended. In the meantime Marconi shares are a very dull market.

* * *

The American market has been marking time owing to the Mexican trouble.

* * *

Union Pacifics are worth buying.

Spies have been a strong market on the increase week's production of 788 tons.

* * *

North Caucasians have been heavily dealt in on excellent news from their oil-fields.

* * *

The fire at Moreni destroyed eight American wells the big Columbia well. Eight Astra Romana wells longing to the Shell Group were also destroyed, but Roumanian Consolidated Company reports that its perty sustained no damage.

* * *

The Lobitos Company continues to do well, the pr tion for last month being 6,389 tons, an increa tons.

* * *

The Rubber Share market is not worth worrying ab and very little is doing in Mines.

* * *

GILT EDGED SECURITIES.

All the following are strict trustee investments, a would specially mention Bengal Nagpur Guaranteed S which in addition to the high yield of £4 11s., will re a very substantial bonus in the not distant future. bonus, however, will be a special one, and is not likely recur.

Canada 4 per cent. Government Loan at 98½ yields 1s. per cent.

South Africa 4 per cent. Government Loan at 98½ yi £4 1s. per cent.

Caledonian Railway 4 per cent. 1887 Preference S at 93½ yields £4 6s. 3d. per cent.

Bengal Nagpur Railway Guaranteed Stock at 101 £4 11s. per cent., plus a bonus.

* * *

I shall be pleased to send the name and address member of the Stock Exchange to any reader w buy or sell shares.

* * *

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES

this week I am replying to all applications by post.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

y two weeks more and the flat racing season of 1913 e over. It has been a season of which the layers ds will retain distinctly pleasant recollections for a erable time. Indeed, the regular punter has by this worked himself into such a state that he is quite unable k the obvious form horse in a race, but endeavours d the winner from those candidates on the very long mark.

* * *

en one reaches this stage racing is not the most pleas- f business or hobby. One assured thing with the rs" is that we shall see many more bookmakers than packing their bags for a Continental tour at the of the campaign.

* * *

that Frank Wootton has practically retired from the Maher is almost certain to be the only jockey to ride dred winners this season. Danny reached his century tember. * * *

rlie Trigg, after a successful season in Austria, is rid- England for the remainder of the season. Trigg did well abroad, and the 43 winners he has steered in a is quite a good performance, as there is not nearly ch racing in that country as there is in England. He ood following here, where his strong riding is greatly ciated.

* * *

k out for Panasine at Derby. Joyner's filly has been on many occasions this season, and I hear she will be the mark next time she faces the starter. The at Derby should suit her to a nicety. Another likely at Derby is Percival Keene, who ran extremely well Diadumenos in the Great Tom Plate at Lincoln, considered nicely weighted with 7st. 9lb.

* * *

ng "Pat" Huxley had a great time at Lincoln, where en mounts he steered five winners, namely: Wamba ecian Maid, Orbino, Steady Trade, and Idlewild.

* * *

astleton is seen out again this year he should be fol- for there is no doubt the colt is at his best just now.

* * *

Watts, a young jockey, who recently made his début e "sticks," showed much promise, and with experi- will do well.

* * *

fire, the coincidence tip and popular fancy, came off fifth at Liverpool—a popular success.

M. Edmund Blanc's colt Glouglie is one with a chance for next year's Derby. Great things are expected of the beautifully bred son of Ajax—Reckless, and his English entries include the St. Leger and the Eclipse Stakes of 1915. Recently in the Prix Eclipse at Maisons Lafitte he won in easy style, and French judges make him out to be one of the best Continental juveniles of recent years. But what chance will any of them hold if The Tetrarch winters well?

* * *

The Melbourne Cup is one of the biggest races of the year in Australia, and last week Mr. J. Chambers, who is noted for his coups with long-priced outsiders, brought off another coup with Posinatus, who started at 15 to 1, led from start to finish and won comfortably. Dozens of big coups have been brought off by Mr. Chambers' stable, yet he has only a small following in the Commonwealth outside his own district of Newcastle, N.S.W., where the coal mines are. The winner is by the imported English stallion Fortunatus out of the New Zealand mare Waakatika. He was unplaced in all his two-year-old races, and did not run as a three-year-old. He had done so well this year that he was made the medium of a plunge at Hawkesbury, but failed to give a stone to Sir Vire in the Spring Handicap. The winner is a gelding which claimed a 7lb. allowance. Belove, which finished second to Posinatus, is the property of Mr. Barney Allen, an enterprising bookmaker-owner.

* * *

I wonder how many horses have had their chances destroyed at the starting gate this season. There has been quite an epidemic of bad starts during the past week or so, and it is high time more owners copied Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's example, and lodged complaints with the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The starting at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting was about the worst on record, and last week at Lincoln and Liverpool it was little better.

* * *

If I remember aright the Jockey Club once issued a fearful edict to trainers warning them that an awful fate would await them if they did not have their charges schooled to the starting "gate." But the work of months can be, and is, spoilt in a few seconds by the combination of an incompetent rider and a starting machine which has never reached the height of perfection its admirers claimed for it. Of course, the chief blame lies with the jockeys. A lot of people who lost their money over Bugler in the Cambridgeshire thought they were unlucky and that the bad start was responsible. But his subsequent running at Lincoln last week showed that he had little chance for the big Newmarket handicap.

* * *

The Birmingham, Derby, Newbury, and Doncaster meetings provide the bill of fare this week, and splendid racing is assured, albeit it is unfortunate that the latter fixture should be allowed to clash with Newbury.

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RE IS NO LIMIT TO THE NUMBER OF COUPONS YOU MAY SEND IN,

but they must reach our office not later than first post Friday, November 28th.

TURN TO THE BACK PAGE AND FILL IN YOUR COUPON NOW.

Birmingham on Monday presents quite a good programme, with the Birmingham Handicap as the principal prize. This race has attracted a large entry, and a good sized field is likely to go to the post. I expect Ben Wyvis to improve on his Newmarket display and win, although Sir Oracle should run well. The Coventry Nursery Plate may attract Green Carnation, who could win. Happy Gal may take the Solihall Selling Nursery, and Witling the Atherstone Handicap.

* * *

On the opening day at Derby on Tuesday two interesting races in the Markeaton Plate and Chesterfield Nursery are down for decision. Several good handicappers are entered in the former race, and after a close survey of those likely to compete I have little hesitation in selecting Percival Keene to take the spoils. Poet's Licence may win the Chesterfield Nursery.

* * *

At the same meeting on Wednesday Dress Circle may make amends for previous disappointments by taking the Osmaston Nursery which is likely to bring out a big field. Lilaline may be suited by the distance—one mile and three furlongs—of the Allestree Plate, and The Boss should run well in the Chatsworth Plate.

* * *

The Derby Cup is of course the principal event on the concluding day, and although the acceptance was not so large as may have been anticipated, a good race is certain. I understand that Wagstaff, who finished second to Aye Aye —a non-acceptor—last year, will not run, and in his absence Covert Side will probably win, although I hear very favourable reports of Redwood, who has made great progress since he has been located at Newmarket. Despite his ten pounds penalty Farakabad will figure prominently. Inconstant George could win the Chaddiston Plate, and Sunny Land the Friary Nursery.

* * *

As at Derby, fields look like being extremely large at Newbury. On Friday Silver Balm may take the November Nursery Handicap, and the Beckhampton Three-year-old Handicap should fall to Evening Pleasure.

* * *

The Newbury Autumn Handicap on Saturday will not bring out a very good class field. Wagstaff is likely to compete and in spite of his top weight of nine stone Mr. E. Dresden's colt will win. Equanimity will provide the danger. Cambyses should score in the Reading Nursery Handicap.

* * *

At Doncaster on Friday Hornby may win the Falmouth Nursery, Atherton the Stanley Selling Nursery, Pochard the Clayton Three-year-old Handicap, Lucy Farrand the Harewood Handicap, and Mr. Peeper the Frickley All-Aged Selling Plate. The Durham Handicap on the concluding day may fall to Gravelotte, the Downe Nursery Handicap to Smeaton Lady, the Vyner Handicap to Halifax, and the Rossington Selling Handicap to Half Caste.

THAT WAS ENOUGH.

A young Frenchman in the sophomore class of an American college was invited to a musical entertainment given by his classmates, where there were sung, in honour of the foreigner, a number of French songs, and they were given in the best American French.

"I say, old man," observed one of the sophomores, after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick, eh?"

"No," responded the Frenchman; "only sick."

* * *

PREFERRED THE BEAR.

A gentleman from the North was enjoying the excitement of a bear hunt down in Mississippi. The bear was surrounded in a small cane thicket. The dogs could not get the bear out, and the planter who was at the head of the hunt called to one of the negroes:

"Sam, go in there and get that bear out."

The negro hesitated for a moment and then plunged into the cane. A few moments later the negro, the bear, and the dogs were rolling upon the ground outside. After the hunt was over the visitor said to the negro:

"Were you not afraid to go into that thicket after that bear?"

"Cap'n," replied the negro, "it was jest dis way: I nebber had met dat b'ar, but I was pussonally 'quainted wid de old boss, so I jes' naturally took de b'ar."

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IE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

tailors now cut the collar and lapels of overcoats the coat can button across the throat with the collar down in its normal position. This, however, is done double-breasted overcoat, and is not possible in the on single-breast cut.

* * *

an who does not care for the double-breast style, o rows of buttons showing and the added bulk, can button-across-throat effect by ordering his overcoat reast with double-breast lapel. It is not usual, but practicable.

* * *

oose easy-fitting overcoat will still be the prevailing is season, and it is a coat which requires more art in cut and swing and line than the moderately close- oat.

* * *

is where the London-made overcoat scores. A corre- t asked me recently did I recommend him to have coat made in London without trying on, or at home, ovinces, with trying on.

* * *

is I say, "The best comes to London." If a cutter ing of an artist he drifts London way, as a general le comes to London, where an artistic eye is appre- d well paid for. He finds in London workmen who en subtly trained to build the garment precisely as en cut and designed. The cutter and the workmen conjunction, no haphazard about it, and I believe in don-made overcoat, more especially now when all the fashion is towards the loose, easy swing coat with ar and shoulders, which, as I said before, is the coat requires art and skill in both cutting and making.

* * *

materials for this winter, the thick, soft, light-weight ade up unlined in body, seems to be the vogue. The ile cloths are selling well, with a good demand

* * *

unlined coat in a soft finish cloth, there is some- difficulty in pulling the coat well into position at the ore especially if the under coat is also of a soft, cling- erial.

* * *

are two ways of overcoming this drawback to the of the coat. One is by seeing that the arm holes are ide and the sleeves themselves sufficiently roomy for the bulk implied in winter wear. A winter coat tried on over summer clothes without thought of ion for the increased thickness of the suit to be worn and thus a drag or pull in the sleeves frequently es.

* * *

econd method is to have a shoulder lining of satin smooth slipping material inserted over the cling- len material beneath. This makes a wonderful e to the easy slip-on of the overcoat.

* * *

ollar of a winter overcoat is usually made deep to protection when turned up in cold or rain. This ould be sewn, shaped, and manipulated by hand. hined collar advertises itself both in appearance and rt.

* * *

years ago I paid an extravagant price for a blue serge e serge was of a quality I had not before encoun- d the tailor was a tip-topper.

sult was I had a suit I felt proud of and glad to d I stuck to it far beyond the usual life-time of a d finally was reluctantly obliged to discard it on of wear, dust and stains.

* * *

an advertisement of a firm who clean, press and othes for a small inclusive charge, and I decided to old friend, the suit, to them, more as an experiment ything else.

e back to me inside a week, looking like new. The "cleaner" seems to take all the nature out of the his search for dirt and leaves the garment harsh and king.

people say they "blow" the dirt out; other people "wash" it out, and there is a big difference in the result. I consider I have made a find in the treat- my old clothes.

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On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, November 29th, and the first prize of £4 a week for life is offered to the reader who can draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given on the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of scores of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, be a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form, and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed "MODERN LIFE, No. 4 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, November 30th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of £1 a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £1 a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or facilities name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are prohibited from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 4

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON	v. BLACKBURN ROVERS.
BURNLEY	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
CHELSEA	v. BRADFORD CITY.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v. ASTON VILLA.
PRESTON	v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
WEST BROMWICH	v. EVERTON.
BRISTOL CITY	v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
LEICESTER	v. HULL.
STOCKPORT	v. HUDDERSFIELD.
CLAPTON	v. BLACKPOOL.
LEEDS	v. NOTTS FOREST.
BIRMINGHAM	v. GRIMSBY.
BRADFORD	v. BURY.
NOTTS COUNTY	v. BARNSLEY.
WOLVERHAMPTON W.	v. FULHAM.
BRIGHTON	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
EXETER CITY	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
NORTHAMPTON	v. WEST HAM.
NORWICH	v. SOUTHAMPTON.
PORTSMOUTH	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter this Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

This is the wonderful Magneto Belt that has made thousands of sufferers strong, healthy and vigorous.

I WILL SEND YOU ONE FOR 1/- ONLY.

(See Coupon below.)

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs it naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free of pain; from being strong and vigorous; being brimful of life, courage, and vitality. Then read the simple, straightforward and honest offered make you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for Belt to-day and begin to feel its marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

The weak can now be made strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Will-Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, down-hearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, despondent, and miserable, have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy. Restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New Life" MAGNETO BELT.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and I say to you send me 1/- only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

CALL AND SEE ME.

I am here ready and willing to show you my Belt, and demonstrate its Magnetic powers to you. If you cannot call then write to me. Remember that my Magneto Belt is a Natural remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous troubles, Mind-Wandering, Loss of Will-Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of Similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does not this show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON.** POST TO-DAY

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
19, Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not return Belt within seven days will pay you the balance of 4s. either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist ..... inches.

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1s. extra to pay postage.

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